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A CASE OF LEARNED IGNORANCE—WHY CAN'T HE TRUST HIS NAKED EYES?



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PUCKOGRAPH.—XCVII.

AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE WHO IS A SELF-MADE ENGLISHMAN;—ALSO, A SELF-MADE ASS.



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HIS MOOD UNCHANGED.

"Your friend Olebatch going to be married? Why, he laughed at the idea of getting married!"

"Well, he's just as merry over it now as he ever was."

HIS SARCASTIC REMARKS.

"I notice," acridly said the Old Codger, "that the agitation over the claims of certain scientists, that salt is a new elixir of life, has already quieted down.

"That is the way it goes. I can recollect when blue glass was the prevailin' panacea, and everybody had it in his windows and a blue chimney on each of his lamps, and lolled in the azure fulgence therefrom, and was convinced that disease was conquered and old age indefinitely postponed; and when the land was full of pads of one kind and another—liver-pads and kidney-pads and lung-pads, and so forth—till everybody that did n't have a pad somewhere on his person was thought to be as good as pickin' at the coverlid and waitin' for death; which pads were followed, if my memory is workin' properly, by electric belts and amulets, and all such as that.

"Later came the Granger movement, which was warranted to make every participant prosperous and life full of sweetness and light; and by-and-by arrived the mad-stone, Christian Science, the natural bone-setter, the sun-

bath, the water-cure, the barefooted treatment, the Don't Worry clubs, the laughter-cure, Free Silver, Anti-Expansion, William Jennings Bryan, and the uncooked-food foolishness, all, although I may be sort of mixed up about the order in which they came, warranted to be absolutely sure cures for all the heirs that human flesh is ill to, or words to that effect.

"Where are they all now? Salt could n't save 'em, any more than it could make us all live forever; and they have faded and gone like the B—I S—in the old Third Reader. I s'pose they had their uses; salt is an excellent condiment and beats anything else you can think of to sprinkle on pipin'-hot, crinkly-brown fried fish; but as a panacea—Pish-tush! as the feller said. As Spring approaches, a few bitters, composed of roots and yarbs, combined with something brisk and red to make 'em ketch hold, and enough days off in the woods with a rod, a reliable gun, and a dog that is old enough to have sense, to enable the treatment to get in its work, beats everything else clear out of sight.

"You see, salt has already gone out of fashion, like the liver-pad, blue glass and W. J. Bryan; but a few bitters for ordinary Spring laziness, and the good old family doctor who was on the spot when you first happened, all the rest of the time, have n't failed yet, and I have faith to believe that they ain't a-goin' to."

Tom P. Morgan.

DOUBTED.

NEARPASS.—But they say freezing to death is not very painful.

BENNET.—H'm! Ever lived in a steam-heated flat?

HER ARTFULNESS.

INQUIRING TOURIST (from New England).—How does Mrs. Nation manage to secure so many recruits from among the good wives and mothers of your towns to assist in her work of saloon-wrecking?

LANDLORD (Kansas hotel).—Oh! She makes a practice of addressing all members of her posse, irrespective of age, as "girls."

DURING THE CONTROVERSY.

THE CAT.—G'wan, you miserable cur! If I were you I would n't waste so much time barking;—I'd go and learn to climb a tree!



MRS. NATION might be said to stand for law and disorder.

IF WE understand the Chinese authorities, their attitude is quite conventional; that is to say, the boxers may box, but they must n't slug.

PUCK.



AN ECHO FROM PALM BEACH.

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HEMPSTEAD (*gratified*).—Mrs. Takenoice says I am always putting her in mind of her deceased husband.
MISS DEWITTE.—Well, that is better than being married to her and having her constantly reminding you of him!

APRIL.

FLORIST EXTRAORDINARY.

EY! Dainty nymph with your big sprinkling can,
How can your new garden grow?
Have you no method and have you no plan?
No flowers all in a row?

Have you not read how to handle your plants—
Read in the magazine "Hints?"
How do you dare, then, to leave things to chance?
Aptitude none you evince!



Scattered broadcast o'er the hill and the dale,
Over the woodland and field—
Do you not know that you can't help but fail?
Scant will, indeed, be the yield!

Never a touch with a trowel or rake,
Never a trellis or net,
Never a glass shield the cold wind to break,
Not a plant properly set!

What! They won't fail? And the buds will all bloom
Where and whenever you call?
Well, if they do we can only presume
You're "lucky" with flowers, — that's all!

Wood Levette Wilson.

ACCEPTED.

MR. FAINTART.—Miss Upperton, I feel that I am over-presumptuous; that you are not for me; that you will refuse my hand; nevertheless I offer it to you, in order to satisfy in a measure—

MISS UPPERTON (*faintly*).—April fool!

RECENT STATISTICS as to mortality among grandmothers of office-boys are thought to indicate that popular interest in base-ball is waning.

COMPELLED GASTRONOMICAL ZEST.

PERCY.—Would you like to eat a dinner at twenty-five dollars a plate?
GUY.—No. I'm afraid I'd kill myself trying to make my host feel that I was getting his money's-worth!

A LITTLE TRUTH.
Oh! Here is a little truth
That long in my soul has slumbered:
Even the bones of the shad,
The savory shad, are numbered!

R. K. M.



TANTALUS.

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It was a real mean April-fool joke that little Georgey played on old Pansy when he stuck an apple on her horn, where she could n't get at it.

PUCK.



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WHERE THE IDEA ORIGINATED.

MRS. NEWLYWED.—I saw a piece in the paper to-night that people would feel better to go without breakfast.

MR. NEWLYWED.—H'm! Wonder which of our cooks wrote that?

DISCRIMINATING ADVERTISEMENTS

IN THE rush and flood of books selling half-millions of copies a good book is likely to be engulfed and lost, and the most intelligent and deserving writer may have his own volumes associated in the public memory with those that sell like a house-a-fire and which should be accorded the same treatment.

I suggest, therefore, to writers of sense and sensibility that they advertise their books in a manner distinct and unmistakable. Advertisements in the following form might save our worthy writers many a keen mortification:

HAECKEL! HAECKEL! HAECKEL!
A New Work Containing the Gist of the Author's
Labor for 30 years. The interest of the Author
alone in this worthy Work has netted him
A LOSS OF OVER \$3,000.

POEMS.
THE COMPLETE POEMS OF ROBERT BURNS.
One of the Six Worst-Selling
Books of the Year.

HERBERT SPENCER!
HERBERT SPENCER!
HERBERT SPENCER!
A Continuation of His Synthetic Philosophy,
The Final Volume of
The World's Highest Philosophy.
13 Copies Sold in 13 months.

THE WORKS OF DARWIN.
Less than 20 Editions Sold in 40 years.
The Genius of this Author is unmistakable.
IN HIS FORTY YEARS
HE HAS NEVER ONCE STRUCK THE POPULAR CHORD.

THERE ARE intellectual women who would rather be pretty, and there may be pretty women who would rather be intellectual.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF TRYPHENA.

WHEN TRYPHIE checks the month's accounts
She waxes wroth and eloquent.
The butcher's overcharged an ounce,
The grocer's bill is "off" a cent!

She waxes wroth and eloquent—
Did we have sweetbreads on the first?
The grocer's bill is "off" a cent!
Well, if this is n't quite the worst!

Just see if you can make that out!
The very idea makes me ill!
To debit us with sauerkraut!
This must be Guggenheim's bill!

The very idea makes me ill!
And cheese—we never look at cheese!
This must be Guggenheim's bill—
Oh! Have a little patience, please!

And cheese—we never look at cheese!
What shall, what can a woman do?
Oh! have a little patience, please!
Who will I talk to if not you?

What shall, what can a woman do?
When every blessed thing goes wrong?
Who will I talk to if not you?
You know my nerves are far from strong!

When every blessed thing goes wrong,
(Stuffed dates at fifty cents a pound?)
You know my nerves are far from strong!
(The wretch! Said he'd send "samples" round!)

Stuffed dates at fifty cents a pound!
Now, where does Jane use so much lard?
(The wretch said he'd send samples round!)
To keep my temper's pretty hard!

Did we have sweetbreads on the first?
Just see if you can make that out!
Well, if this is n't quite the worst—
To debit us with sauerkraut!



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RIGHT IN IT.
THE DOG (*just purchased*).—
By Jove! I must be the correct
thing in dogs! My new master
knows the fashions, if he knows
anything!

Now, where does Jane use so much lard?
The butcher's overcharged an ounce!
(To keep my temper's pretty hard
When Tryphie checks the month's
accounts!)

Edward W. Barnard.

KNEW WHAT HE WANTED.

CITY NEPHEW (*to uncle, visiting New York*).—Now, what sort of a show would you like to see, Uncle?

DEACON WAYBACK.—Why, one uv them kind thet the preachers go tew every chance, to git material for their sermons agin' the theatres.



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INVALIDED.

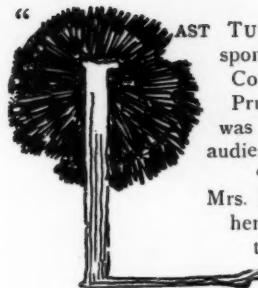
CASEY.—Corrigan's got th' grip and won't be out for a month.

CONROY.—Are yez sure?

CASEY.—Dead sure! Th' Judge gev him thirty days yesterdya fer thryin' to cure
ut be gittin' droonk!

PUCK.

DRAMATIC NOTE.



"**LAST TUESDAY NIGHT.**" writes the Horse Corners correspondent of the Northville *Free Press*, "the Horse Corners Institute of Art and Letters presented the Pruella Pease Bings version of 'Lalla Rookh.' It was a sort of elaborate production, some of the large audience not reaching their homes before 10:30.

"In her dramatic treatment of the famous poem, Mrs. Bings has been very felicitous. The play as it left her pen is perfectly adapted to amateur performance, all the risque situations being eliminated. The original is not too slavishly followed, and the result is a delightful local flavor, which the audience were quick to appreciate.

"Too much can not be written in praise of Mr. Henry Valentine, proprietor of the Metropolitan Pure Food Emporium and Meat Market, in the part of *The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*. Mr. Valentine imparted a deep oriental color to the ensemble, not only in the red table-cloth which he wore about his temples, but as well in his easy way of saying, 'Let her go, Swami!' as he stepped forward to sing his topical song in the third act; it being explained on the programme — which, by the way, was printed by the *Free Press*, and was generally commented on as being a great credit to its new job outfit — that 'Swami' is the Hindu word for 'professor.'

"Miss Virginia McGuffie was *Lalla*, and she met the exacting requirements of the rôle in a manner which can not fail to be exceedingly gratifying to her many friends. She was particularly fine in the pageant scene, where she sat Mr. William Saffles' bay gelding, which was only three years old last Spring and weighs upwards of 1,800 pounds, like a queen. It was the universal verdict that the pageant was quite as impressive with a horse as it could possibly have been with elephants.

"Space forbids us to mention the other participants specifically. All



AND UNTIL THIS DAY.

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EVE. — Adam, I saw some beautiful leaves on yon hillside today. I wish you would go and gather me some for a new dress.

ADAM. — Goodness me, woman! You have had four dresses this week. You keep me at work all the time getting you new clothes!

are deserving of unstinted praise. It is something to say that Horse Corners' pride in the Institute of Arts and Letters has not suffered by the presentation of 'Lalla Rookh'!"

"We understand that the next offering of the Institute will be grand opera. Mr. Abel Benedict, who has but recently come among us, but has already built up an enviable shoe trade, will sing 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep!' Further than this, the cast has not been arranged."

EASY TO FIND OUT.

"I suppose old Moneybags does n't really know how much he is worth."

"He does n't? Why, does n't he read the papers?"

STUBBORN FACT.

"What if he has money? He's old enough to be my father!"

"But he is n't, my dear!"

A THEORY.

UNCLE JOSH. — An' it says the Lord Chancellor is the keeper of the king's conscience. What kin that mean?

UNCLE SILAS. — I dunno! May be he helps to keep it quiet.



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REDUCING.

She says she fasts, the little saint,
Her petty sins recanting;
But those who are the best acquaint
Declare she's merely banting.

FROM HIS POINT OF VIEW.

"What you want," said his friend, "is more cars."

"No," said the elevated road director, with a gentle sigh. "What we want is more rush hours."

IN COLONIAL DAYS.

"And they tell me a colony hath been planted in Delaware. Hast heard how it is prospering?"

"Marvelously! The first peach crop hath been a glorious failure!"

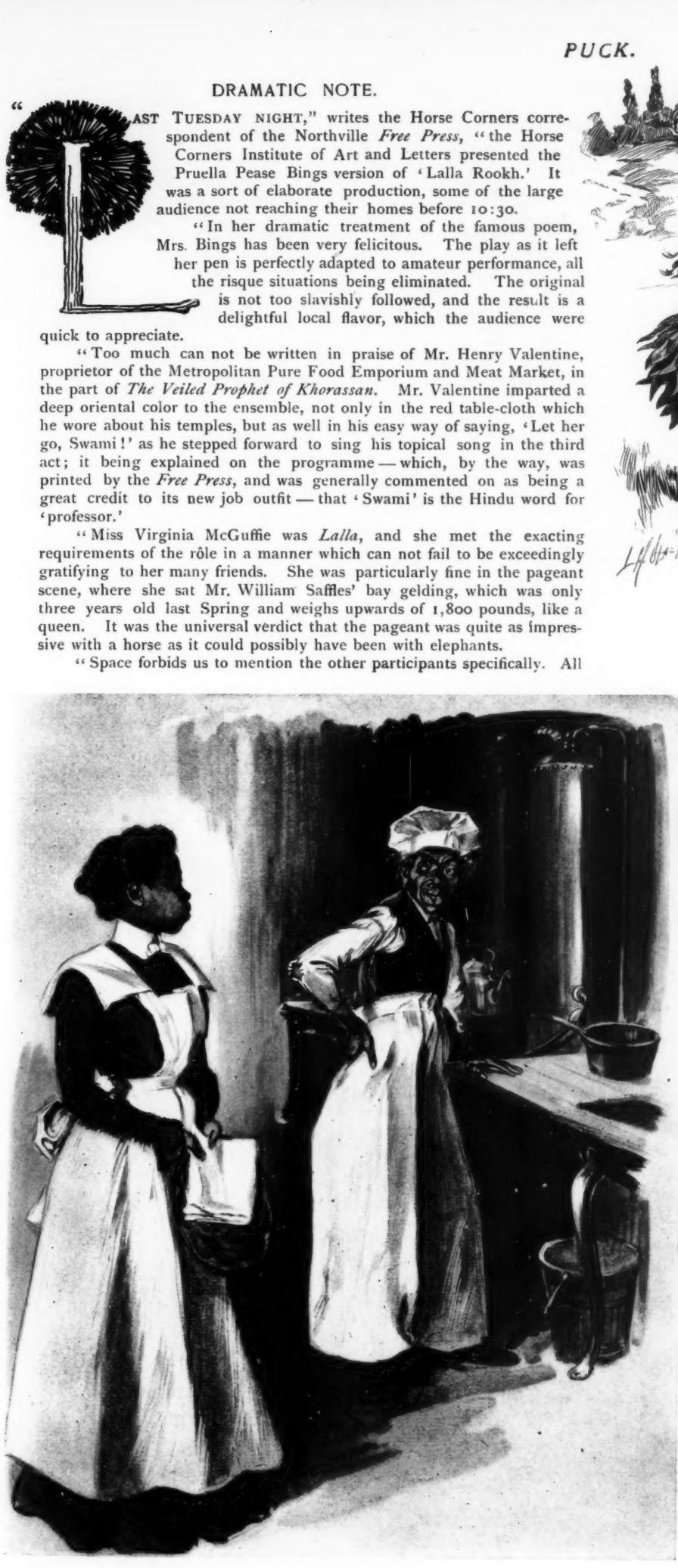
WE NEVER fully appreciated the force and effect of the word "galore" until the sofa pillow fad came in.

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HE BOASTS.

THE WAITRESS. — Oh! I ain't sayin' but what youse a good cook.

THE COOK. — I reckon I is! If I wanted ter, I cud git up sech temptin' dishes dat folks 'd eat 'em if dey knowed dey wuz gwine ter git dyspepsy!



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ABSENT-MINDED.

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CLAIRVOYANT.— Behind you stands a man whom you once had trouble with;—in his hands are two drawn, cocked revolvers.



(*Bang! — Bang! — Bang!*)

PEGASUS PRECLUDED.

"**G**ENIUS must ever walk alone,"
The poet sings, the seer says;
With solitude must man alone
For Glory and its crown of bays;
He learns who seeks the searing light
That coruscates about the throne—
He learns who wins Fame's fatal height,
Genius must ever walk alone!

All very fine! But as I trudge
The footpath's uninviting way,
Whilst stupid quack and prosy judge
Bespatter me with flying clay,
And all the world, it seems, a-wheel
With cobs that prance or balk,
'T is then full well the iron I feel—
Genius, alone, must ever walk!

W. S. Adkins.



OKLAHOMA IKE.— 'Scuse me! Force ov habit, pard; I clean forgot it was a *sperrit* you was 'ludin' to.

A MARINE.

ABOVE the buxom, bounding wave
The winged gulls abound;
Continuously the white-caps lave
The keel with gurgling sound.

The reckless rigging rocks and reels,
The roaring wind blows free;
'T is now the skillful skipper feels
His scornful sovereignty.

Below the damply dripping decks
The lubber from the land
Lies dolefully and nothing reckes—
Save of the angel band.

Above the buxom, bounding wave
The winged gulls abound;
Continuously the white-caps lave
The keel with gurgling sound.

S. G. Campbell.

A MODEST REQUEST.

MRS. CHATTERTON.— I should like to go shopping this afternoon.

CHATTERTON.— But, honest, my dear, I have n't got a dollar in my pocket!

MRS. CHATTERTON (*lightly*).— Oh! Well, then, you might give me ninety-eight cents.



YOUTH'S BAD START.

Man oft may soar to Fame's proud height,
But—drops with dismal thud
When he goes back to neighborhoods
Where people call him "Bud."

THE ACME OF BLISS.

GOEGHAN.— Sure, it was a mane thrick to shpoil me fun loike this!

POLICEMAN.— Why, man, those fellows would have killed you if I had n't arrested you.

GOEGHAN.— Mebbe that's so, I dunno. But, whur-roo! it's not every Saint Patrick's Day Oi git a chanst of foightin' three Orangemin to wanst!

AN INCITER OF RIOTS.

THE JUDGE.— What's the charge against this man?

OFFICER CASEY.— Incithin' a riot, yer 'anner.

THE JUDGE.— What was he doing?

OFFICER CASEY.— He wuz shtandin' on his doorsteps watchin' the Saint Patrick's Day parade, yer 'anner;—an' him a Orangeman.

COULD N'T UNDERSTAND IT.

HE.— I hear that Professor Stargaze is going to New Guinea to observe an eclipse of the sun.

HIS WIFE.— How absurd! And he has seen so many of them!

MIGHT BE TURNED DOWN.

RANTSON STORMS (*loftily*).— I am going to appear at a Broadway theatre in a couple of months.

HARRISON LEGREE.— Well, you want to have the price of a ticket with you;—most of them don't recognize the profession any more.

PUFFED UP.

THE IRISH SETTER.— Begorra! Luk at the lugs av thot Blenheim spaniel!

THE COLLIE.— Hoot awa'! Dinna ye ken ane o' his folk's marrit t' a Vanderbilt?



HOW IT LOOKED.

SENIOR PARTNER.— Who is smoging dot cheap, rank seegar?

JUNIOR PARTNER.— Our bookkeeper.

SENIOR PARTNER.— Ko ofer his pooks at vunce! He musd pe toing dot for a pluff to maig us dink he's honest!



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE CROAKERS.

THE WORLD has always had to progress in defiance of and generally to the acute dismay of the schoolmen. Doubtless at the end of the Stone Age there were horrified scholastics to prophesy that the new-fangled bronze hatchets were going to upset every cherished institution of their forefathers. Having so long studied what had been, they were unable to believe that anything different ever could be. If it was really to be different it was bound to be bad and hence to be combated. They made no allowance for fundamental improvements. Inspired souls might now and then effect slight improvements in the orthodox stone hatchet; but to make an entirely new kind of hatchet—that was revolutionary and fraught with gravest danger to the people. It was anarchy. You could n't tell *what* people might get to making.

The schoolmen never change. They were still the same in the middle ages when they construed the real science of life to be in applying the ancient dialectics to theology—and did their best to make it warm for any lawless person who presumed to find out things by any other method, or to find out new things by their method, for that matter. History in one aspect is a record of their routs and retreats. But they remain schoolmen. The mission of the schoolman is to study his books night and day to find out just what particular peril it is that is going to work ruin to the State and the people in the next ten or fifteen or twenty-five years.

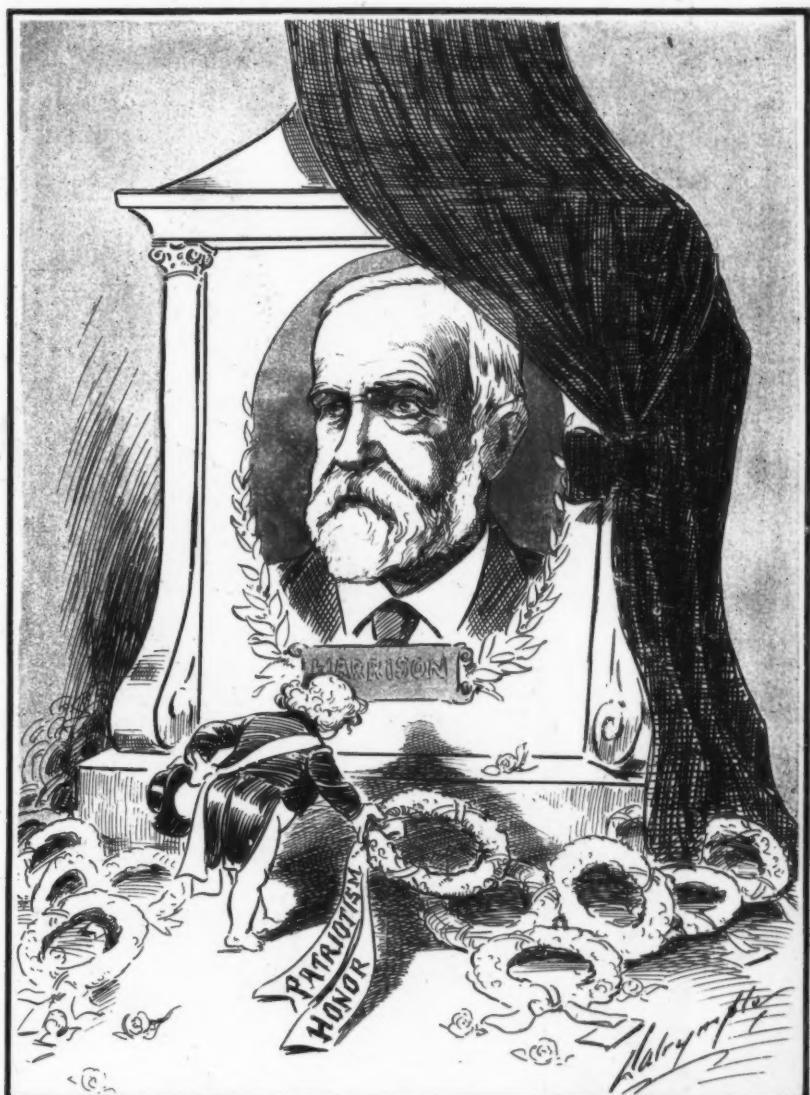
The President of Yale University, one of the ablest schoolmen of the day, has reckoned the time to be twenty-five years, and identifies the present menace, if we read him aright, as a twinship of Trusts and Imperialism. He declares: "We shall have an Emperor in Washington in twenty-five years unless we can create a public sentiment which, regardless of legislation, will regulate the Trusts." As promising poorly for this end, he finds that "our actions in politics and in a social and business sense, prove our moral standards in these directions to be desperately low." The only remedy he detects is the cultivation of "a readiness to accept restrictions in behalf of the community, independent of whether you or I shall be harmed by those restrictions." Such a readiness, of course, is the very essential oil of all human association from the prehistoric family to the modern state, and we are unable to regard the suggestion as novel,—unless there be novelty in putting it to the correction of the Trusts. As to this, two methods suggest themselves. Professor Hadley has already advanced one, which is to ostracise the Trust folks. The other is to pay a little more for the necessities of life on the condition that they have not been made by a Trust. In no other way do we see how we can sacrifice ourselves in behalf of the community.

In truth, if Professor Hadley's premises are correct the Emperor can not be avoided. The Trust persons won't be ostracised for the mortifying reason that the very poorest of us is a Trust magnate at heart, and so is full of social sympathy for them. Nor shall we, in appreciable numbers, pay an extra price for the privilege of consuming non-Trust productions. Nothing can be more certain than that the mass of us will, in the long run, pay just as little as we must for our food and clothes and luxuries. Civilization has not in the least abated man's disposition to procure the most satisfaction for the least effort.

And here is a point which we should have suspected Professor Hadley of overlooking if he were not a very wise and learned man. The human race has been one in its effort to make life more enjoyable, and the greater part of that effort has been confined to cheapening the methods of production and distribution. A fair degree of success has been attained. If Professor Hadley will look back even for fifty years he will note a marked

decrease in the labor required to produce and to distribute all of the staples; or, putting it the other way, he will note a marked increase in the quantity of wealth—in food or clothing—which a man may now acquire by one day's labor. To put it in talk that Professor Hadley is accustomed to,—the efficiency of the unit of effort has been many times multiplied. Doubtless Professor Hadley will admit that machinery is primarily responsible for this. But we do not expect him to admit that Trusts—or Trust principles—have done the rest, although we leave the suggestion with him as a seed-thought. And if it be really true that the principle of combination for economy, which is the essence of the Trust, does result in greater cheapness by one-tenth of a cent on a pound of sugar or a gallon of oil or a pair of shoes, can Professor Hadley really see anything in Heaven or earth that will stop the process?

If we were talking to an ordinary person and not to a scholastic, we should tell him to be easy in his mind about Trusts, for the reason that all they amount to is a device for cheapening the things we live on. Here and there some freak Trust for a little time may seem to evade this law; but, barring a protective tariff or some other special privilege, no Trust can otherwise survive. And if some of the pioneers in this science of combination do acquire bulky fortunes, no harm is done. Mr. Carnegie has practically created the greatest industry of modern times by his own individual genius. His fortune is immaterial to this main point. He is going to be put to a lot of trouble giving it back where it came from, and he would have to give it back one way or another whether he wanted to or not. The fact that Mr. Rockefeller has a weird number of million dollars is of less than no consequence beside the fact that his genius for organization has built up a marvelous system for the distribution of oil and its products—a system that is a miracle of economy, and that will continue to benefit the world long after its builder is dust again. Possibly some day we shall have schoolmen able to see that the difference between Mr. Carnegie or Mr. Rockefeller, for example, and the righteous one-horse storekeeper at the country cross-roads is a difference in brain-power and not in morals. Yet we doubt if this comes to pass before we really have "an Emperor at Washington." And we are not looking for that very soon, either.



In Memoriam.

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A SUGGESTION TO THE BUFFALO EXPOSITION;—LET US

UCK.



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

—LET US HAVE A CHAMBER OF FEMALE HORRORS.

PUCK.

ONE DAY'S WRECKING EXPEDITIONS.

DEDEYE, Ky.—About three o'clock this afternoon a large number of members of the Anti-Water League, consisting of the leading citizens of the town, armed themselves with steam-drills, dynamite, and other instruments of destruction and proceeded to the waterworks pumping-station, which they quickly demolished. They then turned their attention to the reservoir, which constitutes our sole water supply, and inside of fifteen minutes made it look like Pompeii after the memorable shower.

One of the leaders of the reformers said that all water was full of microbes and was n't fit for cattle to drink. Four new saloons will be opened to-morrow.

HALLELUJAH, Ind.—All three corset factories of the town, which gave employment to more than twenty-two persons, were totally wrecked this morning by eight determined members of the Anti-Corset Society. The Society was formed for the purpose of putting down — instead of on — corsets, and for some time past has been carrying on a wordy warfare against Satan's most destroying invention. Several of the wreckers intend visiting other towns for organization purposes. They will spell-bind *en route*.

KRANKBURG, Germany.—Thirteen members of the Kneipp Curists' Guild made short work of all the shoe stores and cobblers' shops in this burg, to-day. The movement was not entirely unsuspected, as the villainous merchants had been warned time and again to close up their nefarious places of business. Persons affecting footwear are being ostracized by the best society here.

HAYSTACK, N. J.—At 10:30 A. M. to-day about fifty gentlemen of the road, all active members of the Wontwork Union, descended upon our chief industry — the Moonbright Soap Factory — and proceeded to wreck it in real Nation style. They all wore gloves, to prevent their hands coming in contact with the manufactured stock. It will take at least six months to again put the establishment in working order; but if the town does not make good the loss sustained, the company intend moving its plant to the city offering the largest bonus and having the best vagrancy law.

EMPYTKULL, Mich.—Last evening the local Vegetarian-Dieters raided every butcher shop in the city, and, besides breaking windows, scales, etc., captured over a thousand pounds of different kinds of meat, which was immediately tried on our dog and cat population. This morning seven dead dogs and twenty-eight deceased cats were found on our streets. To these the Vegetarian-Dieters pointed with pride, whilst others viewed them with alarm. It looks as if all flesh-eating citizens will have to reform or leave the city.

FUZZILIA, Kan.—Our barber-shop is no more! It succumbed suddenly, last night, under pressure exerted by a goodly number of our leading Populists. The tonsorial artist-proprietor had been previously warned, but he persisted in trying to induce our youths to culti-



JOYPRIGHT, 1901, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

PROGRESS.

HUSBAND (*bitterly*).—Now that I am making fifty thousand a year you don't seem to be as happy as when I was making ten!

WIFE.—Very true, my dear! But you must remember that then it was so much easier for us to live within our income.

vate the unmanly clean-face habit by displaying in his shop portraits of Bryan, McKinley, Carrie Nation and other clean-face celebrities. We hope this will prove a lesson to others of his kind.

BROWNBREAD, Mass.—At present Beefsteak Billy's chop-house bears a striking resemblance to a Chinese temple after some allied troops looked in. The startling transformation is the direct result of a business-like visit which the Health-Food Cult, Lodge 67, paid the restaurant last evening, between the hours of seven and eight. The Health-Fooders say there is a law against suicide, which crime is being committed by persons who partake of pie, lobster salad and such like, and that if Billy lays any complaint against the Cult for destroying his property, they will immediately retaliate by having him placed in the lock-up on the ground of aiding and abetting the crime of self-destruction. So, there you are!

P. H. Carey.

A BAD SIGN.

CLARA.—I am afraid that Charley Stretcher is n't going to make a good husband for Sadie.

MAUD.—Why not?

CLARA.—She tells me that when they came back from their wedding trip he had some money left.

NOTHING is so much plagiarized as original sin.

PROGRESS consists largely in converting minorities into majorities.

THE PROCESS of washing free from sin discloses that sin is a sort of starch for some characters.



A THEORY.

"Jabez is one of them fellers that's allus complainin' that he can't make farmin' pay."
"I guess he's made a wrong calkerlation about how much it owes him."



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HIS OBJECT.

"Is he still trying to get those people? It is n't so important!"
"No; but he's trying to show the telephone girl that she might as well get them first as last!"

COLD STORAGE FOR REJECTED MSS.

ACREADY SMITH, the dramatic author, is not dejected these days. His friends of the Crocus Club have forced him to tell the reason of his glee.

"Great scheme," said he to the short-story fiends, as they drank their 11 o'clock toast. "You see, I have now sufficient rejected manuscripts to fill the largest safety deposit vault in town. Now, I can't sell any of them, because of the craze for the romantic drama. I'm going to put them in storage."

A play to succeed in these parlous times must tell about some one who is or has been in flower. It must have such a title as, 'The Scullion of the King'; 'A Feathered Knight'; 'The Cardinal's Toothbrush'; 'My Lady's Powder Puff'; or 'In the Palace of the Rum King.'

"Now, in a hundred years to come there will be a demand for dramas dealing with the events and people of the present time. Mine will be the real thing, as they have been written by an eye-witness. So that all my family descendants will have to do is to go downtown in an automobile and take out a manuscript, and sell it to the Frohman of that day and generation. Look what the poor authors of long ago have missed! If they had thought of my plan, they would have saved their rejected works and now their children's children would have nothing to do except collect royalties."

"Grub Street would be a pleasant memory, and the posterity of Goldsmith, Savage, Shakspere and Sherwood would be drinking wine at the Waldorf. Here is a list of some of the plays which my fortunate grandchildren will spring upon an unsuspecting manager and end-of-the-century play-goers:

"'Braw Andrew of Conneaut, or The Iron King'; 'The Heroine of Kansas, the Jeanne d'Arc of her Time'; 'The Ice King, or Van Wyck the Viking'; 'The Passing of Theodore, the Hunter'; 'Sir Chesty Devery, Prince of the Tender-loin'; 'Last of the Experts'; 'Massacre of St. Tammany, or Count Philbin's

Revenge'; 'The White Ghost of Newport, or Duke Willy's Automobile'; 'The Flat Dwellers of Harlem'; 'Charge of the Four Hundred'; 'Queen Lavinia and her Dames'; 'Sir Brooklyn Eagle, or The Joust of the Trolleys.'

J. D. Byrne.

AN ANECDOTE OF A FAMOUS WOMAN.

(Told in A. D. 2000.)

One day Mr. Nation came home as mad as a man forced to cling to a strap in an air-ship. His face resembled a red-tag sale and his purple nose was purpler than usual.

"Carrie," he thundered, "some vandal has chopped down my favorite bar! Have you any idea who would dare perpetrate such a — such a — outrageous outrage?"

Little Carrie calmly threw aside the plans she was making, and, stepping in front of her stern papa, exclaimed in clear, ringing tones:

"Father, I can not tell a lie — I did it with my little hatchet!"

Mr. Nation staggered backward, struck dumb. After a successful hunt for his lost voice he spoke again.

"Daughter," he softly said, swallowing with difficulty a large, dry lump in his throat, "I would rather have you done as you did than be forced to pay the bar bill of five dollars and eighty-five cents I owed that joint!"

AN OPTIMISTIC WIFE.

MR. MOUNTAIN LION (*sadly*).—I had my paw read this afternoon, dear, and the pawist told me my line of life was extremely short.

MRS. MOUNTAIN LION.—Oh! Don't worry, darling! It is n't at all likely that Roosevelt will visit us again for at least another year.

LOOT.

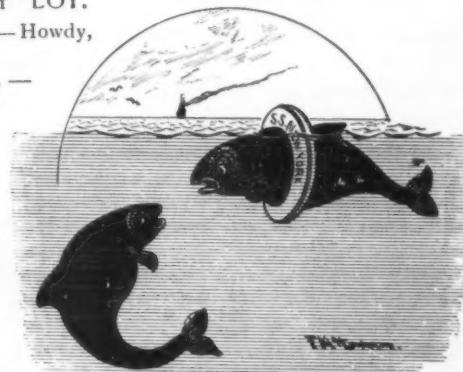
"Did you give Henry my love?"

"Yes. I told him you said he need n't come home from China and look his poor old mother in the face without a cloisonné vase under each arm."

THE GRAFTER'S UNHAPPY LOT.

PICKPOCKET (*in Chicago*).—Howdy, George! What luck to-day?

HOLD-UP MAN (*fiercely*).—Rotten! A couple of detectives held me up about an hour ago and made me cough up every cent I had!



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ALL ON THE SURFACE.

FIRST PORPOISE.—Come on down!

SECOND PORPOISE.—I can't! I went to jump through this thing, got stuck in it, and now I can't go below the surface.

OUR PROTECTED industries appear to have discovered the secret of eternal infancy.

COMMERCIALISM so pervades and dominates politics that after awhile we may hear of "the Shop of State."

"IT IS N'T so much the missionary we object to," said the Chinaman, who was trying, in his poor, benighted way, to be a patriot, "as the man behind the gun behind the missionary."

There's a best in Ales as in other things—
Perhaps it's the quality of the Malt or Hops,—
perhaps the superior spring water that makes

Evans'

best—Perhaps the skill and knowledge with which they are combined.



AROMATIC DELICACY,
MILDNESS AND PURITY.

Milo CIGARETTES.

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Makers of Odometers, Cyclometers, Counting Machines & Fine Castings.

Good for pains—good for aches
Caused by eating pies and cakes;
Good for every muddled head,
Caused by taking wine that's red;
Good for woman, man and child,
Ripens Tabubles, pure and mild.

DOWN in every woman's heart is a longing to be loved like they love on the stage.—*Atchison Globe*.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—*Medical Press (London)*, Aug. 1899.

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.



Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore Md.



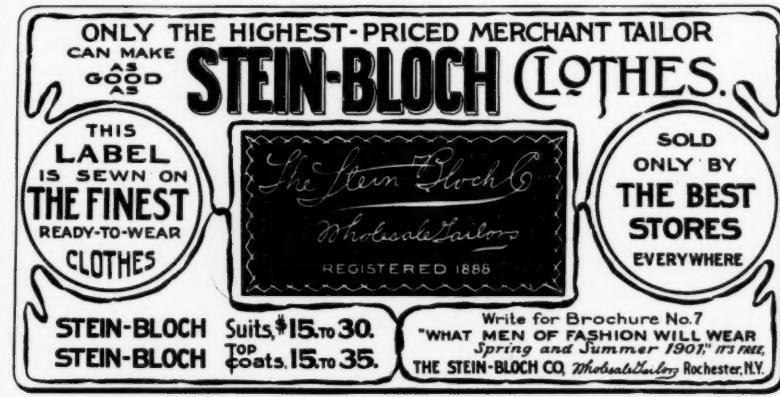
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DESPERATION.

AUNT DINAH—Heah's a lettah from de folks in Alabama. Says ole Uncle Eph has made three desperate attempts at suicide inside ob a month.

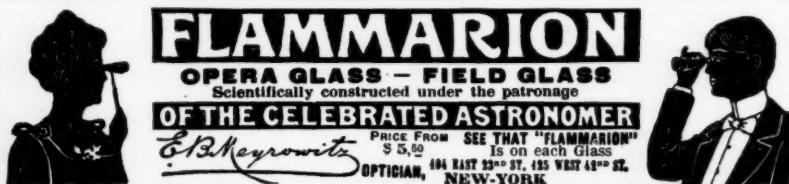
AUNT RUTH.—Deah me! Do it say how?

AUNT DINAH.—Yes. Says he stole a shoat, kicked a white man's dawg, and tried to vote!



PROMPT COMPLIANCE.

"Does your wife heed your instructions?" asked the domestic disciplinarian.
"Of course she does," answered Mr. Meekton. "Only this morning I said,
'Henrietta, please pass the butter,' and she did so without a moment's hesitation."
—*Washington Star*.



THEY MADE THE CROWD.

"What's all that crowd of women over there at Bargen's?"

"Shoppers who read Bargen's ad."

"But that's an unusually large crowd for so early in the morning."

"I know; but the 'ad.' says: 'Come early and avoid the crowd.'" —*Catholic Standard and Times*.

LARGE DOSES.

FORTIETH FRIEND (*since breakfast*).—By Jove! Old fellow, you've got a fearful cold! What are you taking for it?

SUFFERER (*hoarsely*).—Advice.—*New York Weekly*.



THE BEST JUDGES
ARE THE
SUREST
USERS OF

BALLANTINE BREW

The more you know of brewing the more you'll be delighted with

India Pale Ale,

XXX Canada Malt Ale,

Old Burton Ale,

Porter, Brown Stout, Half and Half.

On Draught or in Bottles.

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

134 Cedar St., cor. Washington, New York.



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22, 24 and 26 Bleeker Street,
BRANCH WAREHOUSE : 20 Bookman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

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How Schlitz Beer is Brewed

There's a vast difference in beers—a difference as great as between healthfulness and harm. You who drink it should know it.

We have no wish to condemn any beer or its maker; but simply let us tell you how Schlitz beer is brewed.

We use the best barley that grows. We get our hops from Bohemia. One of the owners of our business selects them both.

The yeast that we use never varies. It is always developed from the same mother cells. The yeast is so perfect that the cells are priceless.

Cleanliness in our brewery is carried to the utmost extreme.

We insist on absolute purity. Schlitz beer is even cooled in filtered air. Then we filter the beer; then we sterilize it, after it has been bottled and sealed.

We age Schlitz beer thoroughly. No demand is ever so urgent that we ship beer while green. The lack of age makes some beer cause biliousness.

Every process of our brewing is supervised by a partner in our concern. Methods like these

have made Schlitz beer the standard wherever beer is known. Reasons like these lead us to ask that you drink it.

J. L. STACK

THE BEER
THAT MADE
MILWAUKEE
FAMOUS

On rising—for a clear head—drink

White Rock
Lithia WATER

Throat Ease and Breath Perfume.
SEN-SEN MARBLE
5¢

CANDY Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address, C. F. GUNTER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago.

The Seaboard Air Line Railway goes through the heart of the Virginia Battlefields, the Crater among them.



Williams'

Shaving Soap

AND SOME OTHER KINDS

BIG THICK CREAMY LATHER
Rich Delicate
Fragrant Pure Satisfying Safe

SMARTING BURNING ITCHING DISAPPOINTING DANGEROUS IRRITATING
LATHER THIN WATERY FROTHY

"The Only Kind that Won't Dry on the Face"

The Kind that always dries quickly

When you buy Shaving Soap—

A soap expressly for the face and to come in contact with its delicate and sensitive tissues, are you willing to "take your chances" with a soap made by some soap maker, without sufficient experience—or materials you know nothing about—put together in some haphazard way and called a **Shaving Soap**—or will you insist upon the very best article you can buy—made by a firm that has been engaged for a life-time in the manufacture of **Shaving Soap**—and whose reputation is world-wide?

Williams' Soaps are prepared by the only firm in the world making a specialty of **shaving soaps**, and represent the skill and experience of over 60 years devoted to the difficult problem of making a **perfect soap for shaving**.

Williams' Soaps sold everywhere, but sent by mail if your dealer does not supply you.
WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK, 25c. LUXURY SHAVING TABLET, 25c.
GENUINE YANKEE SHAVING SOAP, 10c. SWISS VIOLET SHAVING CREAM, 50c.
WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP (Barbers), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40c. Exquisite also for Toilet.

LONDON. THE J. B. WILLIAMS' CO., Glastonbury, Conn. DRESDEN, SYDNEY.
PARIS.



DEFENDING THE CAUSE.

"Yes; that's good stuff! I'm doing my best to refute one of the charges against Prohibition."

"What's that?"

"Why, they say that Prohibition makes it hard to get anything but bad whiskey."

Hopes are never realized where ambition is greater than strength. Fortify your system with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists and grocers.

Nothing can exceed the care with which Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne is made.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble."

A bumper of good liquor
Will end a contest quicker,
Than justice, judge or vicar;
So fill a cheerful glass
And let good humor pass."

A pure rye,
10 years old, aged
by time,
not artificially.

Trimble
Whiskey
Green Label.
AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

Sole Proprietors,
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For Spring and Summer Wear.
Mercerized Ducks, Silks and Linen Shirtings,
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Linen Lawns, Dotted Mulls,
White Embroidered Piqués.

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Beeman's
The
Original
Pepsin
Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.



Any
Man

who has not worn a Keiser-Barathea Cravat has not experienced the satisfaction of a neck dressing that is more elegant, wears longer, frays and creases less than any other made.

Ask your Haberdasher and note label.

"IN the beautiful air castle which a girl builds," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "you will never find any wash-tubs." — Yonkers Statesman.

GREATNESS is not in being lifted up
but in growing up.—Ram's Horn.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.



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A VENGEFUL REMINDER.

COHENSTEIN (somewhat savagely).—Mein freund, please to remember dot
dot all-wool, non-shrinkable suid, vot you beat me down four dollars on, vas
bought on Abril Fool day;—don't forgot dot!

Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters excite the appetite
and prepare the stomach for its work. A half wine-
glass before meals. Get Siegert's.

A MAN hears "O, these men!" so often, that
he finally comes to wonder every night that he
was not arrested during the day.—Achison Globe.

Keeley
Cure

**Alcohol, Opium,
Drug Using.**

WHITE PLAINS, N.Y.
BUFFALO, N.Y.
OGDENSBURG, N.Y.
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PROVIDENCE, R.I.
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The disease yields easily to the
Double Chloride of Gold Treatment
as administered at these
KEELEY INSTITUTES.
Communications confidential.
Write for particulars.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS **Cortez CIGARS** -MADE AT KEY WEST-

These Cigars are manufactured under
the most favorable climatic conditions and
from the mildest blends of Havana to-
bacco. If we had to pay the imported
cigar tax our brands would cost double the
money. Send for booklet and particulars.

CORTEZ CIGAR CO., KEY WEST.

IN A GREEN BOTTLE

WITH A
SHEEPSKIN CAP

NOVENA
RYE

Age
Purity
Bouquet

EAGLE LIQUEUR
DISTILLERIES.
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THE NEW BOARDER.

"Yes; I always find something to be
thankful for."

"Well, we have cracked wheat and
hash for breakfast every day in the
month. Can you see anything about
that to be thankful for?"

"Yes. I'm glad that it's February."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A MAN who started out with nothing
hardly ever gets over talking about it.
—Washington Democrat.

Six Trains Daily for Chicago — NEW YORK CENTRAL.

Columbia

EVERY able-bodied person should have a BICYCLE.

No other one thing can contribute more to physical enjoyment and mental recreation. A cyclist who has a COLUMBIA has the satisfaction of knowing that nobody else owns a better wheel. HARTFORDS are also splendid bicycles, and we guarantee that our VEDETTEs, although low in price, will give long and excellent service.

MODELS for 1901: Columbia Bevel-Gear Chainless, \$75; Columbia Chain Wheels, \$50; Hartford, \$35; Vedette, \$25; Coaster Brake, \$5 extra.

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"The embodiment of tone and art."

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THE Featherstone BICYCLE

The Joys of Cycling are measured out in full to riders of

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Safety is assured by Featherstone construction methods. Beauty of these wheels is evident at a glance. These things satisfy.

SEE THEM SURE!
or send for our catalog, free
Featherstone Sales Dept.
CHICAGO NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SOME men can not even tack up advertising signs, and do it well.—*Atchison Globe*.

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AN HOUR AWHEEL
with nature is the best tonic for the busy business man.
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broadens the mind and kills worry.

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Chainless and Chain models, are wheels of which Monarch riders are proud. They are distinctively high class.

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Catalog free at Monarch agencies everywhere.

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SPALDING

BICYCLES
"ORIGINAL CENTRE-DRIVEN-GEAR"

Spalding's first adopted the centre-driven-gear chainless idea which others are now using. Our 1901 models are beauties!

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SPALDING SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

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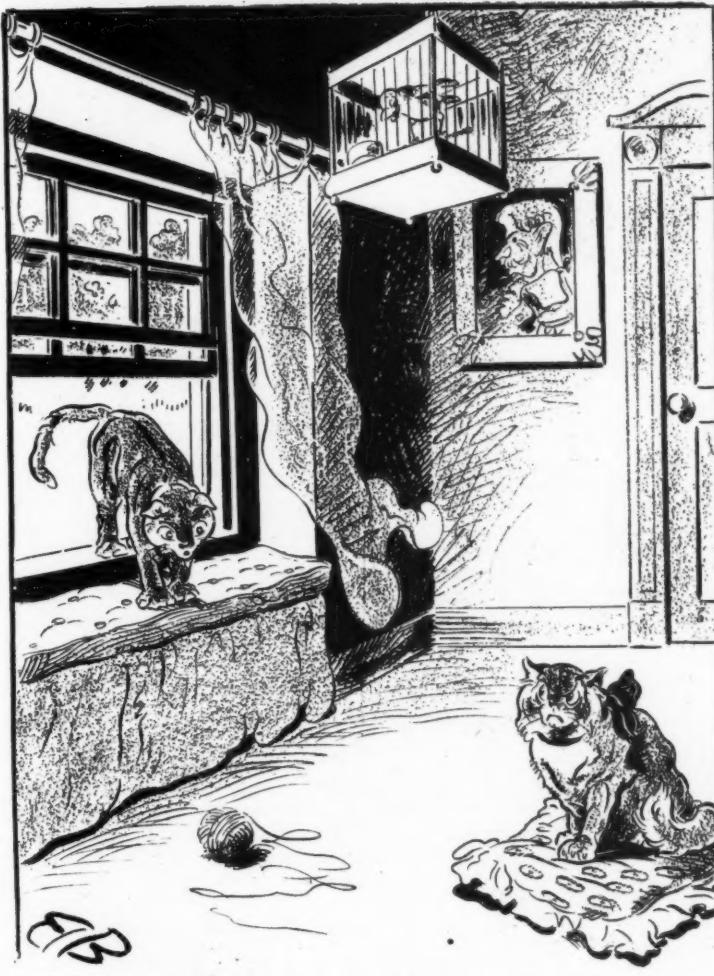
Cleveland Bicycles

O F ALL AGENCIES which human ingenuity has yet devised for the benefit of mankind, none is so practical, fascinating and accessible as the BICYCLE.

CLEVELAND BICYCLES

are perfect examples of the wheel-building art. Our catalog contains full details—it is free.

Cleveland Sales Dept.
Westfield, Mass.
WESTERN OFFICE, CHICAGO.



WE ALL HAVE OUR TROUBLES.

HOMELESS FRIEND.—Ah! You're lucky to have a comfortable home!
THE HOUSE CAT.—But you don't know what I have to put up with! You don't know how tantalizing it is to have a canary singing at you from a cage where you can't get at him!

THE MARVEL OF THE AGE.

The history of the bicycle reads like a fairy tale. Ten thousand years hence the plainest statement of the facts of its origin, development, uses it serves, and the place it occupies in our civilization will be regarded by the scholars of that time as we of to-day regard Plato's story of Atlantis or the fable of Deucalion. That men and women could sit balanced on a wheel of wire, braced and corded like a spider's circular miracle which it fashions in the witching hours of night, and on it sitting, outrun the horse, outspeed the dog and go flying down wooded lanes with the flight of a bird, will be reckoned as a myth that haunts the imagination and laughs at the guessing of the wise. What, for improbability, can equal this strange and weird creation of man's inventiveness? Or what so elusively mock human belief when once it has passed into oblivion and losing all record as a fact has become merely a vague tradition? And if amid the ruins of some old library a

fragment of a manuscript should be discovered which told how it was used by rich and poor alike, how it was adopted into armies, added to the splendor of great public pageants, obliterated castes so that princes and peasants rode side by side in public parks, contributing to popular health and happiness beyond any other single invention of the world, what wonder and astonishment that old-time long buried document would cause among the then existing peoples on the earth.

The bicycle may pass, but it will pass only when the cycle of human development which produced it has run its full course and the people that made it marvelous in human annals have passed away forever. For, looked at from any point of view, whether from that of service or pleasure, or the result of human thought and skill or adaptation to popular needs the bicycle stands to-day as the consummate achievement of our mechanical development.

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LINGERING.

"This malefactor shall meet with exemplary punishment," said the Chinese official.

"But you have n't begun to do anything with him yet."

"We are submitting him to the horrors of suspense. His shall be a lingering death. It shall linger for years and years."—*Washington Star*.

WHEN a man buys his wife a carriage, and finer clothes than he can afford, other women call it being "good" to her.—*Atchison Globe*.

PUCK.



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THE SAME OLD GAME.

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